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Heine's
Poems
(Roses and Cypress)

Translated by

CLARA
HORINE



Class PT 2316

Book A4H6

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HEINE'S POEMS

Heine, Heinrich
Heine's Poems
ROSES AND CYPRESS

by

CLARA HORINE

Translated from the German



1923

THE STRATFORD CO., Publishers
Boston, Massachusetts

PT 23/4
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The STRATFORD CO., Publishers
Boston, Mass.



The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

OCT 12 '23

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The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men,—
Their vaunts, their feats,—let a sardonic smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips;
That smile was Heine! For its earthly hour
The strange guest sparkled; now 'tis passed away.

—*Matthew Arnold*

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HEINE'S POEMS

Mit Rosen, Cypressen und Flittergold

WITH roses and cypress and tinsel'd lace
I'd fain adorn with beauty and grace
This book, like the coffin of one most dear,
And bury all my poems here.

Ah, would I might bury my love here too!
On the grave of love, peace blossoms anew;
For others it blooms, they gather it free,—
But save on my own grave 'twill ne'er bloom
for me.

So here are the songs that as wild did teem
As from Aetna gushes a lava stream,—
Out-poured from the depth of my spirit dark,
And scattering many a fiery spark.

And now they lie all deathlike and still,
All rigid and cold and cloudy-pale;
But with life anew as of old they would glow,
Should the breath of love once over them blow.

HEINE'S POEMS

And in my boding heart I know
That melting breath shall o'er them blow;
This book shall come into thy hand
Some day, my love, in distant land.

Then the magic spell of the song shall be broke,
The letters so pale shall on thee look,
Imploringly gaze in thy dear eyes above,
And whisper to thee of my woe and my love.

HEINE'S POEMS

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam

A SOLITARY pine-tree
On a dreary Northern height
Stands dozing, close wrapped in a mantle
Of dazzling, icy white.

He dreams of a palm-tree lonely
In the land of the rising sun,
That stands in silent sorrow
On the burning desert alone.

HEINE'S POEMS

Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert

AS THE moon's fair image trembles
In the wildly surging ocean,
While serene she goes her sky-way
All unshaken by emotion;

So thou movest, my beloved,
Calm, serene, thine own way taking,
But thine image ever trembles
In my heart — my heart that's breaking.

HEINE'S POEMS

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

EACH night in my dreams I see thee, sweet,
With a smile so tender and fleeting;
I cast me down in tears at thy feet,
And weep with joy at thy greeting.

In pity gazing, thou dost weep,
And shakest thy golden curls;
And from thy eyes the tear-drops creep
And fall like gleaming pearls.

Thou whisper'st softly a secret word
And giv'st me a cypress spray.
I wake, and the word is forgotten,
And the cypress vanished away.

HEINE'S POEMS

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen

FROM out my heart's deep sighing
My sweetest music springs;
My songs lift their fluttering wings
And straight to her heart go flying.

But soon from my lover returning
They bring to me only her chidings,
They chide me, but never bring tidings
What they in her heart have been learning.

HEINE'S POEMS

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

'TWAS when the lovely month of May
Her buds to bloom was bringing,

'Twas in the lovely month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
To tell my longing and my love
My voice in song was ringing.

HEINE'S POEMS

Am fernen Horizonte

ON THE far off, dim horizon,
Like a fancied picture-cloud,
The city with its towers
Lies wrapped in its twilight shroud.

A damp sea breeze is ruffling
The watery way we go,
My boatman is sadly rowing,
With measured stroke and slow.

The sun once more arises
Bright from the ocean floor,
To shine again on the place where
I lost her forevermore.

HEINE'S POEMS

In der Fremde

I HAD one time a beauteous fatherland;
By woodland stream
The oak grew tall, the violets nodded soft —
It was a dream.

A German kiss! my own dear mother tongue!
How good did seem
Those old familiar words, "Ich liebe dich!"
It was a dream.

HEINE'S POEMS

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

CRADLE of my sorrows ever,
Fairest tomb of all my ease,
Lovely city, we must sever,
Fare thee well, rest thou in peace!

Fare thee well, thou threshold holy
That my darling once did tread;
Fare thee well, sacred though lowly
Is the spot where first we met.

Had my eyes on thee ne'er fallen,
Thou fair queen of my true heart,
Never had it thus befallen,
Ne'er had I endured this smart.

Ne'er I sought to touch thy heart, dear,
Never hoped thy love to share,
Only wished a life apart here
Where thou breathedst the self-same air.

HEINE'S POEMS

Yet thou thrustest me from hence, as
 Bitter words I hear thee speak;
Madness rages in my senses,
 I am heart-sick, wounded, weak.

Forth I drag me, faint and dreary,
 Leaning on my wanderer's stave,
Till I lay my head so weary
 In some far-off cooling grave.

HEINE'S POEMS

Sie haben mich gequälet

AH, HOW they have worried and vexed me,
And plagued me both early and late —
Some of them with their loving,
And some of them with their hate.

They've poisoned the cup I drank from,
They've poisoned the bread I ate —
Some of them with their loving,
And some of them with their hate.

But she hath ever vexed me
And most embittered my fate,
For she has given me nothing —
Neither her love nor her hate.

HEINE'S POEMS

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus

THE SEA was gleaming far and wide
In the glow of the setting sun;
We two sat silent, side by side,
By the fisher's hut alone.

The sea-mist rose, the sea-gulls flew
O'er the heaving waters darting;
Out of thy eyes all love-bedewed
I saw the tear-drops starting.

I saw them fall upon thy hand,
And down on my knees I sank;
With tender kisses from thy hand
Those bitter tears I drank.

And since that hour my body and soul
Have wasted away with yearning; —
Ah, wretched maid, thou hast poisoned my soul
With those tear-drops bright and burning.

HEINE'S POEMS

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

A YOUTH he loves a maiden,
Her choice is another youth;
That other loves another maid
And has married her forsooth.

The maiden in bitter anger
The first man now doth wed
That chances to cross her pathway;
The youth, his hope is dead.

It is an old, old story
That will ever new remain;
And one who has lived that story —
It breaks his heart in twain.

HEINE'S POEMS

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

I WEPT in my dreams, my darling,
I dreamt thou wert cold and dead.
I woke, and my cheeks were still streaming
With the bitter tears I had shed.

I wept in my dreams, my darling,
I dreamt thou wert false to me.
I woke, and wept in waking
Both long and bitterly.

I wept in my dreams, my darling,
I dreamt that thou still wert true.
I woke, and my eyes as ever
Were welling with tears anew.

HEINE'S POEMS

Wenn Zwei von einander scheiden

WHEN two from each other are parting,
Each gives his hand to his friend,
And then begins their weeping
And sighing without end.

We did not weep at parting,
And never a sigh was heard.
Our tears and all our sighing
They came to us afterward.

HEINE'S POEMS

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

WHENE'ER I hear it sung,
That song my love once sang,
The heart in my breast is wrung
By a wild and woeful pang.

It drives me in bitter longing
To the woods and hills apart,
Till tears to my eyes come thronging
To free my bursting heart.

HEINE'S POEMS

In mein gar zu dunkles Leben

IN MY all-too gloomy life
Once there gleamed a vision sweet;
Now that image fair has vanished,
I am plunged in night complete.

Children, when they are in darkness,
Feel their hearts oppressed with fear,
And, to banish childish terror,
Sing a song out loud and clear.

I, a foolish child, sing also
Now from out this darkness drear;
Though my song may not delight you,
It has freed me from my fear.

HEINE'S POEMS

Es stehen unbeweglich

THE STARS in heaven unchanging
Stand motionless above,
For ages gaze at each other,
Ever with yearning love.

They speak a wondrous language,
It is so rich, so fair;
Yet no philologist ever
Has learned this tongue so rare.

But I have learned their language
And I can never forget;
For the face of my heart's beloved
As my text-book in grammar was set.

HEINE'S POEMS

Der Brief, den du geschrieben

THE LETTER thou hast written,
I feel it bodes no wrong;
Thou wilt no longer love me, —
But the letter is so long!

Twelve pages, closely written,
To a very volume swell!
One does not write a volume
Merely to say farewell!

HEINE'S POEMS

Aus meinen Thränen spriessen

OUT OF my tears fresh springing
Numberless blossoms arise,
And a nightingale is singing
In the chorus of my sighs.

And since thou dost love me, dearest,
I'll send thee these flowers all;
And under thy window thou hearest
The song of thy nightingale.

HEINE'S POEMS

Du schönes Fischermädchen

THOU lovely fishermaid,
Pray drive thy bark to land;
Come hither and sit down beside me,
Thy hand within my hand.

Lay thy head on my bosom,
Why art thou afraid of me?
Each day without fear thou dost venture
Forth on the wild deep sea.

My heart, like the sea, has tempests,
Has ebbing, swelling tides,
And many a precious jewel
Within its depths it hides.

HEINE'S POEMS

Das gelbe Laub erzittert

THE YELLOW foliage trembles,
The leaves are falling fast, —
Ah, all that is fair and lovely
Must fade and die at last.

About the tree-tops hovers
The sun's sad parting gleam,
That like to the farewell kisses
Of the passing summer doth seem.

At the sight, my tears come welling
From the deepest depth of my heart;
This scene calls back to my memory
The hour when we two did part.

I left thee then forever
And knew that thou soon must die!
Thou wert this dying forest
And the passing summer was I.

HEINE'S POEMS

Die Lotosblume

THE LOTUS flower shyly
Shrinks from the sun's bold light;
She droops her head on her bosom
And dreaming she waits for the night.

The Moon he is her lover
He wakes her with his light;
Softly the flower maiden
Unveils her face to his sight.

She blooms and glows and blushes,
And silent gazes above,
And sheds fragrant tears as she trembles
With love and the pangs of love.

HEINE'S POEMS

Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen

HEART, my heart, feel no dismay.
Bear thy lot, whate'er it be.
What the winter took from thee
Shall the spring again repay.

And how much is left thee still!
All the world fair as before!
And, my heart, thou may'st adore,
Thou mayst love whate'er thou will!

HEINE'S POEMS

Du bist wie eine Blume

THOU art so like a flower,
So fair and pure and sweet;
I look on thee and sadness
Into my heart doth creep.

I fain would lay my hands, dear,
Upon thy head in prayer,
Praying that God ever keep thee
So sweet and pure and fair.

HEINE'S POEMS

Der Herbstwind rüttelt die Bäume

THE CHILL night wind of autumn
Through the branches makes its moan,
As, wrapped in my dusky mantle,
I ride through the forest alone.

And as I ride onward, my fancy
Rides ever swiftly before,
And carries me lightly and gaily
Up to my sweetheart's door.

The dogs all bark, and the servants
Appear amid candles aflare;
Then upward I rush with clanging
Of spurs on the winding stair.

In the soft-lighted, tapestried chamber,
Where all is so fragrant and warm,
'Tis there that my true love is waiting;
I fly to her welcoming arm.

HEINE'S POEMS

The wind in the dead leaves is sighing
And the oak-tree speaks, it seems :
“What wilt thou, thou foolish rider?
What mean these foolish dreams?”

HEINE'S POEMS

Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter

CASTLED hills are gazing downward
In the mirror of the Rhine,
And my boat sails gaily onward
While the flashing sunbeams shine.

As I idly watch the motion
Of the crisping, golden tide,
There awake anew emotions
That within my breast I hide.

Friendly-smiling, promise-gleaming
Shines the stream's alluring light;
But I know, beneath that seeming
There lies hidden death and night.

Like my love art thou, O river —
Outward grace and inward guile —
And like thee she lures me ever
With her tender, gracious smile.

HEINE'S POEMS

Wie kannst du ruhig schlafen

HOW CANST thou sleep so quiet
And know me alive, awake?
I feel the old wrath rising
And then my yoke I'll break.

Dost know that ancient ballad;
How once at midnight of old
A dead youth bore his beloved
With him to his grave so cold?

Believe me, thou wondrous beauty,
Thou maid so dear to me,
I live, and I am far stronger
Than all the dead can be!

HEINE'S POEMS

Wer zum ersten Male liebt

HE WHO for the first time loves,
Though in vain, he is a god;
But who for the second time
Loves in vain, he is a fool.

I am such a fool, I love
Once again with no return!
Sun and moon and stars are laughing;
I laugh with them — and I die.

HEINE'S POEMS

Die Welt ist so schön und der Himmel
so blau

THE world is so fair and the sky is so blue,
And the breezes the softest I ever knew,
And the flowers in the meadow, of every hue,
Sparkle and flash in the morning dew,
And the men I see are rejoicing too —
And I alone for death am sighing,
That I with my love in the grave were lying!

HEINE'S POEMS

An meine Mutter

I

IT IS my wont to bear my head so high,
My stubborn spirit bends so unready,
That though the king himself should look at me
Full in the face, I would not drop my eye.
Yet, Mother dear, this I can not deny;
However puffed with pride my heart may be,
When thou art near, a strange humility
And awe comes over me, I know not why.
Is it thy soul that thus casts down my eyes,
Thy lofty soul that pierces all disguise
And flashing to a heavenly light doth rise?
Doth memory torture me, because I know
That many a deed of mine hath wrought such
 woe
To thy true heart that ever loved me so?

II

With heart by foolish fancies all elate,
I left thee once to seek the whole world o'er,

HEINE'S POEMS

To find perchance a love unknown before ;
I longed to clasp this love that was my fate.
All ways I walked, and paused at every gate,
With out-stretched palms I begged before each
 door,
Mere crumbs of love, a meager alms, implore,—
They only laughed and gave me chilling hate.
Yet on I wandered, seeking love, and ever
Asked only love, and yet I found it never ;
Then, sick at heart, I turned me home again.
But when with welcoming arms thou cam'st to
 meet me,
There, in the tear-filled eyes upturned to greet
 me,
I found the love I'd sought so long in vain.

HEINE'S POEMS

Und wüssten's die Blumen

IF ONLY the flowers could know
How deep is the wound in my heart,
Their tears with mine would flow
To heal my bitter smart.

If only the nightingales knew
How heartsick I am, and sad,
They'd try to comfort me too
With songs refreshing and glad.

If the golden stars on high
But knew my secret woe,
They'd leave their lofty sky
To comfort me, I know.

But they can never know ;
One only knows my smart,
The one who wounded so
And tore my bleeding heart.

HEINE'S POEMS

Mag da draussen Schnee sich türmen

THOUGH outside the snow-drift towers,
Though the hail its rattling showers
On my window-pane is raining,
Never will I be complaining,
For within my heart I bear
Joy of spring and thine image fair.

HEINE'S POEMS

Der Tod, das ist die Kühle Nacht

OH, DEATH, it is the cooling night,
And life, it is the sultry day.
The dark falls; I am sleepy,
And tired of the weary light.

Over my bed a dream-tree springs,
Therein a singing nightingale,
And in my dreams I hear it,
For love is the song he sings.

HEINE'S POEMS

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz
auch bricht

I'LL NOT complain, my heart may break for
pain,
My love forever lost, I'll not complain!
Howe'er thou shin'st in diamonds bedight,
There falls no ray into thy heart's deep night.

Long have I known; I saw thee in a dream,
I saw thy heart's dark night without one gleam,
I saw the serpent gnawing at thy heart,
I saw, my love, how wretched too thou art.

HEINE'S POEMS

Entflieh mit mir und sei mein Weib

OH, COME with me and be my bride;
My bosom a place of rest for thee,
In foreign land my own true heart
Thy fatherland and home shall be.

But if thou wilt not come, I die,
And thou shalt ever be alone;
Yea, e'en beneath thy father's roof
A stranger thou, without a home.

HEINE'S POEMS

Schöne, helle, goldne Sterne

BEAUTIFUL, bright, golden stars,
Greet my true love from afar,
Tell her I am still like you,
Heartsick, pale, and ever true.

HEINE'S POEMS

Du hast Diamanten und Perlen

THOU hast diamonds and pearls,
Everything that men adore,
Loveliest of lovely eyes —
My darling, what wilt thou more?

Upon thy lovely eyes
I've composed full many a score,
Yea a host of deathless poems —
My darling, what wilt thou more?

And with thy lovely eyes
Thou hast tortured me full sore,
And hast brought my life to ruin —
My darling, what wilt thou more?

HEINE'S POEMS

Wenn ich an deinem Hause

AS I pass thy home each morning,
I am glad to catch, as I pass,
A glimpse of thee at the window,
Thou dear little brown-eyed lass.

Those eyes so dark and searching,
I feel their questioning still:
"Who art thou, and what is the matter?
Thou stranger, art thou ill?"

I am a German poet
And famed in my Fatherland;
Name the foremost men of the nation,
My name with the rest would stand.

And, child, the ills that vex me
Are common in Germany;
Name the worst of human pangs, child,
And that is my malady.

HEINE'S POEMS

Sag, wo ist dein schönes Liebchen!

“SAY, where is thy love, the maiden
That thy songs once sang to fame,
When thy love with wondrous magic
Pierced thy bosom with its flame?”

Now those flames are quite extinguished,
Cold the heart where love once burned;
And ashes of my dead love
In this book I have inurned.

HEINE'S POEMS

Die blauen Frühlingsaugen

THE FAIR blue eyes of springtime
Peep from the grass in May;
They are the lovely violets
I choose for my bouquet.

I gather them and ponder
My love still unavowed;
The thoughts in my bosom sighing
The nightingale sings aloud.

Yes, all my thoughts she is singing;
Loud warbling notes resound,
Till all my tender secret
Is known to the woods around.

HEINE'S POEMS

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

I STOOD before her portrait
And dreamily gazed at her,
Till those beloved features
With life began to stir.

About her lips there hovered
A wondrous tender smile,
And as with tears of sadness
Her eyes were gleaming the while.

My own tears too were streaming
A down my cheeks so free —
And oh, I can not believe it,
That thou art lost to me!

HEINE'S POEMS

Sterne mit den goldnen Füßchen

STARS above, the golden-footed,
Move with footsteps soft and light,
Lest the earth they should awaken,
Sleeping in the lap of night.

Silent, listening, stand the forests,
Each green leaf a tiny ear,
And the mountain, dreaming, stretches
Shadow arms out far and near.

But who calls there? In my bosom
Ring the answering echoes clear.
Is't the voice of my beloved
Or the nightingale I hear?

HEINE'S POEMS

Mit deinen blauen Augen

WITH blue eyes dark and tender
Thou didst but look at me,
And straightway I fell adreaming
And could not speak to thee.

Of blue eyes dark and tender
I dream where e'er I go,
And thoughts of thee — an ocean
Of blue — o'er my heart do flow.

HEINE'S POEMS

An Sie

THESE blood red flowers and these of paler
hue,
That late have blossomed from my heart's deep
wound,
In one bright nosegay all together bound,
I give thee, lovely maid, for whom they grew.
Take then these songs! Love messages they
sound;
Since I from out thy life for aye withdrew
I needs must leave for thee some token true —
O think of me, when I my death have found.
Yet never, lady, shalt thou pity me;
But rather envy me my life of pain —
For ever in my heart I cherished thee.
A greater comfort yet shall soon be mine;
My spirit hov'ring round thy head again
Shall whisper peace to that sad heart of thine.

HEINE'S POEMS

Wasserfahrt

I STOOD there counting every wave
And leaning on the mast.
Adieu! my own fair fatherland!
My ship is sailing fast!

I passed my fair love's home and saw
The windows brightly glaring;
But no one waves farewell to me
Though I blind my eyes with staring.

Oh, tears, arise not to mine eyes
And darken not my sight.
Oh aching heart, break not beneath
Thy sorrow's whelming might.

HEINE'S POEMS

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

WHENE'ER I look into thine eyes,
Then all my pain and sorrow dies;
But when thy tender lips I kiss,
I'm whole again through healing bliss.

When on thy bosom my head I rest,
A heavenly rapture thrills my breast;
But when thou sayst, "I love but thee,"
Then must I weep full bitterly.

HEINE'S POEMS

Frühlingsbotschaft

SOFTLY through my spirit ring
Sounds so sweet and tender;
Forth, thou little song of spring,
Fly away out yonder!

Forth unto the bower where
Sprout the flowers tender;
Tell the rose thou findest there,
I this greeting send her.

HEINE'S POEMS

Es treibt dich fort von Ort zu Ort

FROM place to place still wandering,
Thou hast nor goal nor aim;
A voice upon the wind doth ring —
Turn back! Who calls thy name?

Thy love thou thought'st no more to see,
She softly calls thee now;
I love thee still, — come back to me!
My only joy art thou!

But on and on, and never rest,
Nor anywhere remain,
The one that thou hast loved the best
Thou shalt not see again.

HEINE'S POEMS

Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass?

OH WHY are the roses so pale and wan,
Oh tell me, my love, oh why?
And the violets blue on the grassy lawn
So silent, my love, and shy?

And why does the lark as it soars the skies
Sing but a song of gloom?
And from the balsam plant arise
The reeking breath of the tomb?

And why does the sun on the meadow shed
So cold and so sullen a ray?
And why is the earth like a grave of the dead
So desolate and gray?

And why am I too so heartsick and drear?
Ah, love, why must it be?
Oh tell me, my own heart's dearest dear,
Why hast thou forsaken me?

HEINE'S POEMS

Der wunde Ritter

FROM out of the past comes sighing
A tale of sorrow and rue;
A knight love-wounded is lying,
For his lady is untrue.

As faithless must he disdain
His own heart's dearest love,
And even his own heart's pain
His greatest shame must prove.

He fain would ride forth and dare them
To the lists to defend their fame,
For mortal combat prepare them,
Who have dared to stain her good name!

So all reproaches would end then,
But never his bosom's smart,
So must he his good lance bend then
'Gainst his own accusing heart.

HEINE'S POEMS

Unterm weissen Baume sitzend

UNDER snowy branches sitting,
Hearst thou far off winds shrill-wailing,
Seest above the clouds in silence
Hide themselves in mists close veiling.

Seest below all dead or dying,
Wood and meadow shorn and bald,
Round thee winter, in thee winter,
And thine own heart icy cold.

Suddenly all round about thee
Snowy flakes fall, lightly sifted,
And thou idly thinkst the branches
Are by snowstorms over-drifted.

Soon thou markst, with joy half-terror,
'Tis no snowstorm round thee blowing —
'Tis the fragrant bloom of spring time
Playful showers upon thee snowing.



HEINE'S POEMS

Ah, how awesome sweet such magic!
Winter, yet 'tis Maytime too,
Snow transforms itself to blossoms,
And my heart — it loves anew!

HEINE'S POEMS

Ich lieb' eine Blume, doch weiss ich
nicht welche

I LOVE a flower, but which one I know not;
That grieves my mind.
I search in every flower chalice,
A heart to find.

The nightingale sings in the fragrant twilight
His evening song.
I seek for a heart, a heart like my own heart,
For such I long.

The nightingale sings, and that song he is
singing
Full well I know.
We both feel the pangs of woe and of living,
Of life and woe.

HEINE'S POEMS

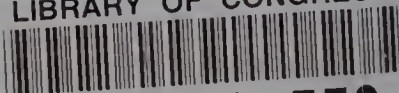
Wo

WHERE shall end my weary wandering,
What last resting place be mine?
'Neath the palm trees of the Southland?
'Neath the lindens on the Rhine?

Shall I lie in some far desert,
Buried by a stranger's hand?
Shall I sink at last to rest me
By the seaside in the sand?

But no matter! Still above me,
There as here, God's sky will be,
And by night the stars shall hover
Like death candles over me.

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